

RYOT upon RYOT:

O R, (837)

A Chant upon the Arresting the Loyal L. Mayor & Sheriffs.

Gallants, If you wou'd bear a Tale sung o'r, } See London's Loyal Sheriffs, and Lord Mayor,
So daring and bold, 'twas never done before: } Bearing the Sword, Arrested in the Chair.

To the Tune of, *Burton Hall*, or *London's Loyalty*.



I.
Rowze up Great MONARCH
In the Royal Cause;
The Great Defender
Of our Faith and Laws:
Now, now, or never,
Crush the Serpent's Head,
Or else the Poyson
Through the Land will spread.
The Noble MAYOR,
And his two Loyal SHRIEVES,
Bearing the Sword's, assaulted
By Uurping Thieves,
Who their Rebellious Ryots
Would maintain by Law:
Ob! London! London!
Where's Thy Justice now?

II.
Smite, smite, the Snakes
Did first their Sting reveal,
Stabbing thy ROYAL
BROTHER in the Heel;
And struck so many
Loyal Martyr's dead,
Now in the Sun
Flies boldly at the Head.
Slaves that resist
All Power but their own;
He that would usurp the CHAIR,
Would next usurp the THRONE,
Whoneither ROYAL HEIR
Nor LOYAL MAYORS allow:
Ob! London! London!
Where's thy Charter now?

III.
LONDON, of Faction's
The eternal Spring,
Yet so much favour'd
By a Gracious KING;
Who dost such Deeds
That have no parallel,
Only to teach
Thy Children to Rebel.

This will record thee
In the Books of Fame;
This bold Attempt no Law,
Nor Precedent can claim:
Blood and the Crown, P——n
And D——s out-do:
Ob! London! London!
Where's Thy Charter now?

IV.
Was this the way
Your Ryots to repair;
In spight o'th' CHARTER,
To Arrest the MAYOR?
And 'gainst the SHERIFFS
Your sham Actions bring,
'Cause justly chosen,
And approv'd by th' KING?
What call you this, but TREASON?
Whilst the Fool
That did Arrest the MAYOR
Expects himself to Rule;
And, save his own, no other
Power would allow:
Ob! London! London!
Where's thy Charter now?

V.
Hang up the Faction's Heads
That dare oppose
The Sword of Justice,
And the Ancient Laws:
Who in his Office
Dare Arrest the MAYOR,
Disowns the Pow'r
That plac'd Him in the Chair.
Tantara-ra-ra!
Let the Trumpets sound,
Double all your Guards, and let
The Cent'nels stand their ground:
He that Arrests the MAYOR,
Would bind the MONARCH too:
Ob! London! London!
Where's Thy Charter now?